

## Sycamore Leaves

a-ha

Can't stop thinking 'bout it  
It fills me with unease  
Out there by the roadside something's buried  
Under sycamore leaves

Wet grounds, late September  
The foliage of the trees  
I came upon this feeling that someone's lying  
Covered by sycamore leaves

And I could never make it  
And I could never see  
And I could never break out  
And shake it's grip on me